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TWO

COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESSES

ON

GENERAL GRANT.

With the Compliments of

Charles Heavens

TWO ADDRESSES

COMMEMORATIVE OF

GENERAL GRANT

DELIVERED AT

BOSTON, JULY 26, 1885,

AND

WORCESTER, AUGUST 8, 1885,

BY

BR.-MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES DEVENS.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

Worcester, Mass.
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ADDRESS.

PREFATORY NOTE.

On July 26, 1885, a meeting of the citizens of Boston was called at Faneuil Hall, at 12 M., to express their feeling on receiving the sad intelligence of the decease of General Grant on July 23. The meeting was opened by impressive remarks from the Mayor, Hon. Hugh O'Brien, who concluded by inviting His Excellency Governor Robinson to preside. After prayer by Rt. Rev. Bishop Mallalieu, of New Orleans, and an eloquent address by his Excellency, appropriate resolutions were presented by Ex-Mayor F. O. Prince.

General Devens said—

Your Excellency, Fellow-citizens: —

A NATION has watched by the dying couch of its greatest citizen. The leader of its armies in battle, the head of its civil government in peace, anxiety, hope and fear have contended, until at last it became certain that human efforts were in vain, and that he who had been its tower of strength in the hour of a people's agony was to pass from among living men. Well may a nation swell the funeral cry for him whose strong hand and daring heart secured and protected its life.

As he has waited in the august majesty of impending death there have seemed to gather round him the tender memories of all who offered their lives for country in our great civil strife. The crowds that collected about his house in the great city, when some two or three months ago his death seemed immediate, were not mere curiosity-seekers — there were fathers and brothers; there were

mothers that had given their sons: there were girls (elderly women now) who had given up their lovers. To me these groups seem infinitely affecting, for they were those who in that struggle had parted forever from their best and noblest. To the great chieftain who had led their brave through so many a hot and bloody day they brought the mute offering of their reverence and love, for it was to him they owed that those noble lives had not been sacrificed in vain. As he was the chieftain, so he was the representative of the Federal army: that army which springing from the people itself vindicated the integrity of the American Union, swept from its States the curse of slavery, and lifted a nation to a higher and nobler life. Long since that great army has passed away, yet it shall not be forgotten that in its day and generation and in its time and place it did for this country deeds worthy of immortal honor. It is twenty-four years since the great battle-summer of 1861. To each of us they have brought joy and sorrow in their mingled web, but we turn back to that time freshly still as the tolling bell and the muffled drum announce that Grant has sunk to his final repose.

> "Ne'er to the chambers where the mighty rest
> Since their foundation came a nobler guest."

To-day is not one for criticism even if it be candid and not unkindly. Our sense of loss is too acute, our emotions are too keen. Nor perhaps at any time could those of us who have followed him, who have known what it was to lean upon that determined will, who have seen him with the light of battle on his cheek, assume to speak of him with the cold neutrality of impartial history. If to that great tribunal all must come we are not competent to sit thereon as judges. Some future historian, some Parkman, some Bancroft, shall compare him with the great Captains of antiquity or of modern history, shall weigh in nice scales his successes or his failures, the means at his command, the purposes he had in view, the results he

finally accomplished, and shall then assign him his appropriate place. High although it must be, for this I shall care little, for his name is written indelibly upon a nobler list. His place is not with the Cæsars and the Hannibals, the Fredericks or Napoleons and the conquerors of earth who have waded to fame or empire through blood and carnage, but with those who in the hour of danger and distress have borne upon their shoulders the weight of mighty States, who have preferred patriotism, duty and honor to any selfish aggrandizement, who have drawn the sword reluctantly, who have sheathed it willingly when the time for reconciliation had come, and at the head of whom stands peerless and immortal our own Washington. His fame like that of Washington shall form forever one of the brightest jewels in the radiant crown of the Republic. It shall broaden and widen as her domains shall spread, as her vast and fertile wastes shall be peopled, and as great cities shall rise where to-day only the hum of the wild bee breaks the stillness of the fragrant air. Yet to no generation of men can he be all that he has been to us. Already to many almost approaching middle life his achievements are but historical. But with us, who were of his time, there is a personal love and veneration toward him which cannot be communicated to others. All around him throughout the broad land there stretches the wide circle of those who perhaps never looked upon his bodily presence that feel his loss as a personal grief. He has so inwrought himself with their just and patriotic feeling in the years that are past that to them the earth itself seems less fair, this gorgeous, glowing summer less bright, now that he is gone. Willingly would I speak some words that shall tell the love we have borne him, the honor in which we hold his great deeds, the gratitude we have for all he has so splendidly done, but I realize how poor my utterance is.

The mean and sordid pecuniary cares that vexed his closing years of life but showed how truly resolute and

upright he was. In selecting men in military life in whom to repose confidence, his view was singularly correct and just: it might be said to be perfect. He was a soldier to the inmost core: he knew everything that he needed then and made no mistakes. His education and studies had not fitted him with the same judgment in civil life. It was an error of a trustful, generous nature that led him to stand by those in whom he had once reposed confidence, even after there was legitimate reason for distrust. He gave generously and withdrew reluctantly, and thus as a civilian he was more than once grievously abused in official life. That he should show the same disposition in dealing with his private and personal affairs might have been anticipated. But it was an error which most cruelly he was compelled to answer. Betrayed by cunning, intriguing knaves, when financial ruin came he met it with the old calm resolution. He was ready at once to strip himself of all he possessed, even of the very gifts which were the just memorials of his fame, that he might satisfy those who had trusted in him. Financial and commercial honor were as dear to him as any other honor. Calmly and resolutely he devoted himself to those unaccustomed labors by which he hoped to provide for those he was to leave behind him, and although racking pains always assailed him, although the weary brain and the once strong hand from time to time refused their office, he had the satisfaction of knowing that what he had undertaken he had accomplished. Recognition of his great services, even if somewhat tardily, came in his restoration to that position in the army which he had resigned in obedience to the call of the country, and it was a profound gratification to him to feel, ere he passed away, that the pecuniary future of his family would be provided for. Let them believe that the tenderest love of a grateful people will encompass them always.

It is twenty years since the only name worthy to be mentioned with that of General Grant has passed into

history. It seems like a caprice of fortune that while the great soldier of the war of the Rebellion went almost unscathed through an hundred fights, its great statesman should die by the assassin's hand. As to the great Hebrew chieftain who had led Israel through the Red Sea and the desert, it was ordained that he should but look on the promised land, so to Abraham Lincoln it was given but to know that the Union was restored, that his life's work was done, and to die in the hour of final triumph. Between these great men, from the day they met (and they had never seen each other's faces until after nearly three years of war) until the day Mr. Lincoln died, there had been the most generous confidence, the most trustful regard, the most firm faith that each had done in the past and would do in the future the utmost possible to sustain the other. How like a wonderful romance it reads, that in that time of less than three years from a simple captain, whose offer of his services to the War Department was thought of so little consequence that the letter, although since carefully searched for, cannot be found, Grant had risen from rank to rank until he became the Lieutenant-General who was to unite all the military springs of action in a single hand, to govern them by a single will, to see (to use his own expression) that the armies of the Union pulled no longer "like a balky team," but were moved and animated by a single purpose. Yet his way had not been one of uninterrupted success, and there had been no success that had not been won by his own wisdom and courage. He had seized and controlled the Ohio and held Kentucky in the Union, he had opened the Tennessee and the Cumberland by the victories of Forts Henry and Donelson, but the much-misunderstood battle of Shiloh had reduced him, uncomplaining always, to a subordinate command under General Halleck, whose own failure at Corinth finally gave to him at last the command of all forces operating to open the Mississippi. Again and again during the often repeated

repulses from Vicksburg there had been attempts to remove him, mainly at the instance of those who did not comprehend the vastness of the problem with which he had to deal. Mr. Lincoln had stood by him, saying in his peculiar way, "I rather like that man, I guess I will try him a little longer," until at last Vicksburg was taken by a movement marked with the audacity of a master in the art of war who dares to violate established rules and make exceptions when great emergencies demand that great risks shall be run. The Fourth of July, 1863, was the proudest day the armies of the Union up to that time had ever known, for the thunders of the cannon that announced in the East the great victory of Gettysburg were answered from the West by those that told that the Mississippi in all its mighty length ran unvexed to the sea.

His victory at Chattanooga followed the placing of the armies of the West under his sole control, and the time had come when he was to direct the armies of the whole Union. His place was thereafter with the Army of the Potomac, as the most decisive point of struggle, although its immediate command remained with General Meade. It was only thus and through its vicinity to the Capital that he could direct every military operation. As he entered upon the great campaign of 1864, Mr. Lincoln said, "If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now with a brave army and a just cause may God sustain you." And General Grant had answered, "Should my success be less than I desire or expect, the least I can say is the fault is not with you." Side by side they stood together thus through all the desperate days that ensued, until in April, 1865, the terrific and protracted struggle was ended between the two great armies of the East; the long tried, always faithful Army of the Potomac held its great rival, the Army of North Virginia, in the iron embrace of its gleaming wall of bayonets, and the sword of Lee was laid

in the conquering hand of Grant. Side by side Lincoln and Grant will stand forever in the Pantheon of history, and somewhere in the eternal plan we would willingly believe those great spirits shall yet guard and shield the land they loved and served so well.

Whatever General Grant's errors or his weaknesses—and he was mortal—like the spots on the sun they but show the brightness of the surrounding surface, and we readily forget them as we remember the vast debt we owe. Whether without him we could have achieved success, it is certain that only through him we did achieve success. He was thoroughly patriotic, and his patriotism sprang from his faith in the American Union. He had been educated to the service of the Government; he had looked to this rather than to the parties that exist under it, whose zeal sometimes leads men to forget that there can be no party success worth having that is not for the benefit of all. His political affiliations were slight enough, perhaps, but they had not been with the party that elected Mr. Lincoln. He knew well, however, that this frame of government once destroyed could never be reconstructed. He had no faith in any theory which made the United States powerless to protect itself. He comprehended fully the real reason why the Slave States, dissatisfied with just and necessary restraint, sought to extricate themselves from the Union, and he knew that a war commencing for its integrity would broaden and widen until it became one for the liberty of all men, and there was neither master nor slave in the land. His letter to his brother-in-law, lately published, although written during the first week of the war, his written remark to General Buckner, in their interesting interview just before he died, "that the war had been worth all that it had cost," show how strongly he felt that, purified by the fires of the Rebellion, the Union had risen grand and more august among nations. Who shall say he was not right? Who shall say that if all the noble lives so freely offered

could be restored, but with them must return the once discordant Union with its system of slavery, they who gave would consent to have them purchased at such a price?

General Grant was not of those who supposed that the conflict with the South was to be any summer's day campaign: he knew the position of the South, its resources, its military capacity, and the fact that acting on the defensive it would move its armies on interior lines. He recognized the difficulty in dealing with so vast an extent of territory, and he knew that in a war with a hostile people rather than a hostile army only we could often hold but the tracts of territory immediately under our camp fires. Yet he never doubted of ultimate success. He never believed that this country was to be rent asunder by faction or dragged to its doom by traitors. He said to General Badeau once, who had asked him if the prospect never appalled him, that he had always felt perfectly certain of success. Thus though to him many days were dark and disastrous, none were despondent. "The simple faith in success you have always manifested," said Sherman to him, "I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in the Saviour." His remarkable persistence has caused him sometimes to be looked on as a mere dogged fighter. No suggestion could be more preposterous. He felt sure of his plan before he commenced, then temporary obstructions and difficulties did not dismay him, and whatever were the checks he went on with resolution to the end.

If stern and unyielding in the hour of conflict, in the hour of victory no man was ever more generous and magnanimous. He felt always that those with whom we warred were our erring countrymen, and that when they submitted to the inevitable changes that war had made, strife was at an end. But he never proposed to yield or tamper with what had been won for liberty and humanity in that strife.

He has passed beyond our mortal sight—sustained and soothed by the devotion of friends and comrades, by the love of a people, by the affectionate respect and regard of many once in arms against him. In that home where he was almost worshipped, "he has wrapped the drapery of his couch about him" as one that lies down to pleasant dreams. Front to front on many a field he had met the grim destroyer where the death-dealing missiles rained thick and fast from the rattling rifles and the crashing cannon. He neither quailed nor blenched, although death came at last with a summons that could not be denied, when all that makes life dear was around him. He could not but know he was to live still in memory as long as the great flag around which his fighting legions rallied should wave above a united people. To most men the call of death is terrible;

"But to the hero when his sword has won
The battle of the free
That voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

ADDRESS.

PREFATORY NOTE.

On August 8, 1885, the day of the funeral ceremonies of General Grant, a meeting of the citizens of Worcester called by the City Council, was held on the Common. Business in the city was suspended and a vast multitude assembled. His Honor Mayor Charles G. Reed presided, and after prayer by Rev. D. O. Mears, D.D., and introductory remarks, presented U. S. Senator Hoar. Mr. Hoar's address was followed by that of General Devens, and the exercises were concluded by an eloquent address from the Rev. Fr. Conaty.

General Devens said —

Mr. Mayor, Fellow-citizens: —

When we who were soldiers of the Army of the Potomac first saw General Grant he was already illustrious. The great battles on the Cumberland and Tennessee had been fought. Already the Mississippi rolled proudly to the sea; no rebel fortresses frowned from its banks, no rebel squadrons cruised upon its waters. His great victory at Chattanooga had repaired the disaster of Chickamauga, and the West seemed to be coming firmly within our grasp.

Yet the war was pressing heavily, enormous debts were being contracted, thousands of brave men had fallen, and it was seen that thousands must yet fall before we could achieve the task we had undertaken. No wiser act was ever done by Congress than that which created for him the office of Lieutenant-General, whose station might be with either army as he might select, but whose control and direction was to be over all. His command over all the

armies operating west of the Alleghanies had fully demonstrated his vast powers of combination, his capacity for the widest fields of strategy, as well as his terrific energy in battle when this great responsibility was placed upon him. "If I succeed," he said solemnly, as he received his commission from the hands of the President, "it will be due to our brave armies, and above all to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

He had been urged in accepting this high command to remain with the armies of the West. "Stay with us," said Sherman, "let us make it dead sure," but in the hands of Sherman himself and Thomas the West was "dead sure" already, and Grant knew that the time had come when he must more immediately measure himself "with the foremost army of the Confederacy led by its foremost man." He knew that to the great struggle between the armies of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia other operations, vast although they were, were subsidiary only. Two more tried, determined, better armies the world had never seen. Battle, disease, defeat had wasted both, victory had rewarded both, but for either to rout the other had been impossible. Each when it won, had gained but a few miles or it might be rods of territory. Each as it drew off from a day of disaster drew off sternly in perfect order, and like "slow Ajax fighting still" retired.

How complete General Grant's control was over every organization of the United States Army from the day he took supreme command, the records of the War Department bear witness; as complete in general direction over that with which Sherman marched to the sea or that which Thomas directed to its splendid victory at Nashville as over that of the Army of the Potomac. Neither could falter or hesitate for advice or direction that he was not ready to afford it; neither needed encouragement or urging that he was not ready to speak the words which the occasion demanded. Over the vast realm where the

gigantic conflict was raging that eagle eye ranged with far-seeing watchful gaze, anxious that nothing, however small, should escape his care in that one determined purpose of crushing the rebellion. While the great battle of the Wilderness was being fought around him he was sending despatches to Sherman, more than a thousand miles away, as to his campaign.

That his military genius was vast and comprehensive no one can question or deny. As a general he was thoroughly aggressive, alike from natural character and from the military position in which he was always placed. He felt deeply the suggestions sometimes made that he was hard and stern, or that he ever risked the life of a man needlessly. He knew well that from his constant attacks his losses must of necessity be greater than that of the army he opposed, but he believed that (the advantage of position in standing on the defensive being always with the rebel army) the true way to close the war was to strike resolutely and hard, and that this was not in the long run to sacrifice, but to save life, although the immediate loss might be severe. No man ever felt more fully that the life of every soldier was his in solemn trust, and that it must not be wantonly imperilled. "I can not do that," he said once to General Halleck, who had recommended a particular attack, "it might succeed, but it would cost the lives of more men than I have a right to risk for such an advantage."

He is often spoken of as if there were something mysterious about his character, as if there were some riddle to unravel. This is evidently an error; no man had less desire to deceive others or less capacity to do it. He kept his own counsel it is true. He worked out his plans carefully, but he was ready always to hear those who had any thing worth hearing. He carefully watched the plans of those opposed to him, using every available means to enlighten himself. He thoughtfully sought to learn what

was the best thing for an opponent to do, and assumed that he would do it. If his opponent did any thing less than this so much the worse for him. He had measured himself in his career with every great general of the Confederacy; he respected their abilities, but he had seen no reason to distrust his own. He had confidence in his own judgment, not from any silly or inflated vanity, but because he believed he had mastered the problems submitted to it. Nothing was ever done by him in any half-hearted way or as if he felt that something better might have been attempted.

No general ever lived more calmly resolute. He by no means despised the wisdom of those who have written upon the art of war, or the soundness of the more general principles which experience has prescribed. But he was no soldier of the book or the school, and he dared to violate them when great occasion demanded. Alone in that army that beleaguered Vicksburg, surrounded by chiefs who shrank from no danger through which courage could conduct them, he matured his final plan for its capture, knowing that any council of war would condemn it as too hazardous. Silent and self-contained, alone he determined upon it, never flinching, never doubting from the time his plan had its first conception until its triumphant close, he achieved the grand result by taking counsel of his own calm reflection, his own indomitable will, his own daring heart.

He was a thoroughly generous and just man in relation to the officers with whom he was associated, to the armies he led, to the armies to which he was opposed. It is hard for a soldier to be generous in matters which concern his own glory and renown, yet in regard to Fort Donelson and Shiloh he was so generous to his subordinates that his cordial words were used most unjustly to depreciate his own reputation and to detract from his own merits. He could not leave the armies of the West without thanking

them and their leaders for their devotion and expressing to them how strongly he felt, that all he had won for the country or gained for himself was due to them; yet he was not less just to the brave army to which he more immediately came. When the preparations for the last struggle in the spring of 1865 were being completed, there was a profound anxiety on his part that the war should be ended at once, and that Lee and Johnston should neither unite nor escape. Yet, when it was proposed to bring troops from the Western armies to add to the strength of the Army of the Potomac he opposed it. He felt it to be unwise, that jealousies would arise with the troops of the army of the West, each claiming that the victory was its own. He felt that it would not be generous to the Army of the Potomac. He had full confidence in its strength and courage to finish its work, and it would not be just that any other army should divide with it its final triumph. How well and thoroughly that great army struck its final blow, Appomattox testifies, and the surrender shows how generously he dealt with those who then laid down their arms. It was but in the line of the course he had pursued at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg. While he meant that the full fruits of the victory should be secured, while he never faltered in his determination that the permanency of the government should be clearly vindicated, while he never questioned that the States lately in rebellion could only be restored with every guaranty that the freedom of the race once enslaved should be protected, he would prescribe no conditions of surrender that could in any sense be deemed to be humiliating.

We can not to-day undertake to fix with accuracy the character of our heroic leader by comparison with others whom history has rendered immortal, yet there is one historical sketch that bears so many points of resemblance that I shall venture to quote it. It was with much interest a few months since that we celebrated the founding of this

town 200 years ago by three soldiers [one an officer of rank], who had served under Cromwell, and who, perhaps, had seen him that morning when in the pouring rain in which the battle of Worcester began, he rode down the line and bade his soldiers to "Trust in the Lord and keep their powder dry." The description which Macaulay gives of the great Puritan leader, whom our fathers loved and honored, finds almost its perfect parallel in General Grant. It is in an altogether imaginary dialogue, assumed to have been between the royalist poet Cowley and John Milton. I read the words as Milton is supposed to utter them, omitting but an unimportant fragment: "Because he was an ungraceful orator, and never said either in public or private anything memorable, you will have it that he was of mean capacity. Sure this is unjust. Many men have there been ignorant of letters, without wit, without eloquence, who yet had the wisdom to devise and the courage to perform that which they lacked language to explain. Such men often have worked out the deliverance of nations and their own greatness, not by logic, not by rhetoric, but by wariness in success, by calmness in danger, by firm and stubborn resolution in all adversity. The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence; and such a one in my judgment was his late Highness. * * * His own deeds shall avouch him for a great statesman, a great soldier, a true lover of his country, a merciful and generous conqueror."

Fellow-citizens, it is a solemn day on which we part from all that was mortal in this illustrious man. If it be a day of mourning it is one of thankfulness and gratitude also. If much is taken from us it is because much was given to us. I contrast the noble and beautiful death of this patriot soldier with that of the mightiest conqueror Europe ever knew, and bow in reverence before the great

Controller of events who has ordained that even in this world men are rewarded according to their works.

There is in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington the beautiful statue by Véla of Napoleon as he is dying at St. Helena. It is the saddest thing upon which my eyes have ever looked. The Emperor is sitting with his morning gown half wrapped around his naked breast and on his lap lies outspread the map of Europe. The face, of wondrous beauty, is of unutterable grief. Wasted opportunities, disappointed ambition, remorse—have set upon it their ineffaceable seal. His wife is far away, his only son a prisoner at the Austrian Court. Upon the throne of France, trampled as she is under the feet of the armies of Europe, sits again a Bourbon King, held there by foreign bayonets. He seems to recall the brave who have died by thousands, not that man might be nobler and better, but to minister to his thirst for dominion, his insatiate passion for power. He seems to remember that by his own acts he has brought ruin upon the people who had loved him devotedly and upon himself. In those last days, says his biographer, M. Thiers, he talked much of his old companions. "Shall I see them again, Desaix and Lannes, Murat and Ney." Ah, what comfort could there be in that—Lannes, who on the field of Essling, dying, had said to him, "Sire, you will ruin everything by these constant wars," or Murat and Ney who for him had died deaths not altogether honorable to themselves, even if disgraceful to those who inflicted them. Or what comfort to him to see again that splendid youth of France who had followed him from the sands of Egypt to the snows of Russia, the only reward of whose valor had been the destruction of their own liberty and country.

As we turn in sorrow from this scene which the cunning hand of the artist has made so life-like, we behold that which has been enacted almost before our own bodily eyes. It is sixty-five years later and another sits in his chair to die.

Upon him is the same mortal disease although in a far more agonizing form. His face had never the Olympian beauty of the great emperor; it is marked now with the heavy lines that princely care and rugged war have impressed deep upon it, but it is grave and majestic still. The broad brow and heavy jaw tell alike of the calm thought and resolute will which show him fit to be among the kings of men. He has led great armies on fields as fiercely contested as Wagram or Austerlitz, or Waterloo itself, and a million of men have sprung at his trumpet-call. He too has ruled as constitutional magistrate over a realm broader and fairer than France itself. Life has to him been labor and duty, and until tongue and hand and brain refuse their office he labors still. Around him gathers every thing that makes life beautiful, and parting from it so hard, but there is no remorse, no thought of duties left undone to the country which in its sore need called to him, no obligations unfulfilled to those who had followed him to danger and to death. The only woman he has ever loved is there with tender hand to moisten the parched lips or wipe the gathering death damp from his brow. Their children and grandchildren are at their feet. From a grateful country there has come up in a thousand forms the utterances of love and reverence. Those lately in arms against the cause he served have generously and tenderly united in each expression of feeling. He looks abroad over the country whose union he fought to preserve; everywhere there is peace and prosperity; no hostile armies trample the soil, no hostile bayonets flash back the sun, the war drums long since are silent. The fields are already white with the harvest, the great gateways on the Atlantic and Pacific seas are open, and through them commerce pours its generous tide. Master and slave are known no longer in the land where labor is honored and manhood is revered. To him, too, in those dreaming and waiting hours came the memories of those who have fallen

in battle by his side, or yielding since to the remorseless artillery of time, have gone before him. Even if he does not utter them how well we may imagine the thoughts that pass through his mind as he feels that he draws near to them—"Shall I see them again, McPherson, Reynolds and Sedgwick, as they died at the head of their army corps, Rawlins, whom I loved as a brother, Hooker, as when his cannon rang down from among the clouds on Lookout's crest, Thomas, as he triumphed at Nashville, Meade, as he dashed back the fierce charge at Gettysburg or urged to the last dread struggle the ever faithful Army of the Potomac? If it be so, I know they will meet me as comrades and brothers. Nor those alone, not alone the great chiefs who urged forward the fiery onset of mighty battalions. Shall I see again the splendid youth of 1861 as they came in all the ardor of their generous patriotism, in all the fire of their splendid courage, to fill the ranks of our armies? Shall I see them as when through the valleys the battle poured its awful tide, or as when the hills were made red by their glorious sacrifice? I am very near them now. Almost I can behold them, although the light on their faces is that which never was on sea or land. Almost I can hear their bugles call to me as the notes softly rise and fall across the dark valley through which I must pass. I go to them; and I know there is not one that will not meet me as a father and a friend."

Farewell, pure and noble citizen, wise and generous statesman, illustrious soldier, farewell. By these solemn rites which stretch from ocean to ocean, tenderly and tearfully and yet gratefully still, a nation surrenders back to God the great gift which He gave in her hour of utmost need.

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